"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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CURRENT NOTES.

THE love of God! oh, it is infinite even as our imperfection.

SET to work cheerily; disappointments should only make people braver.

THERE is no sin we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than committing.

A WISE man hath foibles as well as a fool. But the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himself.

LET him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart: "Do the duty which lies nearest to thee," which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will have already become clearer.

IN the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

LET justice have its impartial course and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you; therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use no tricks; fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in Him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

WE are our own fates. Our own deeds are our doomsmen.

IN matters of conscience, the first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence, the last.

IT is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling the richest and best looking relatives.

KHALED would have his weary soldiers vigilant still. "Let no man sleep," he said; "we shall have rest enough after death."

I WOULD rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.

RELIGION is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.

WE are unworthy of the gospel if it does not produce within us the spirit of cheerfulness. Dr. Dewey says of a cheerful spirit, "It fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes the glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantages, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart; and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbour's good, a pleasure in doing good; a rejoicing with him; and without love we can not have any joy at all.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Forgive, and be forgiven."

"RATHER a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and he was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant faced, keen eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy, and I have no doubt that Sarah' heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice grew higher; reason was unhinged; passion gained sway, and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching, deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sign of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more: he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning, and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a brief pause he answered: "Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?"

"Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't *think* anything about it—I *know*!"

"You *know* she loves you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then—"Yes, yes! I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly: Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured in the affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved to go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can!' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is the keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers, until his wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now; suppose you should think on your way only of the love and blessing that might be; with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face, and you should put your arms round your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be

banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

* * * * *

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and had sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes, her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her in broken accents: "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear!"

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said he, that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy!"

"Always!"

* * * * *

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eyes, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye; and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

A CONFESSION.

At kirk I wonder whiles awee
If others are as bad as me,
And, mindless o' the place and day,
Hae thoughts that wander far astray.
At first the sermon, fairly planned,
Hauds my attention in command;
I read the text, and note wi' care
The heads and subdivisions rare,
A' clearly by the priest defined,
For logic rules his thoughtfu' mind.
But further on, sometimes, I own
I find attention fairly flown;
And ere the first half-hour's gone by
For me his logic's a' run dry;
And thence until the sermon stop
I gener'ly redd up my shop.
The teemin' shelves o' stock that's new
A' ane by ane rise into view;
And weel pleased wi' my choice selection,
I frame a bill t' invite inspection;
But while I sigh, plain truth to tell,
O'er goods sae auld, they winna sell,
And debts that I have soon to pay,
The difficulties in the way,
And debtors due me—all I find
Come creeping somehow into mind.
At times down memory's paths I gaze
On scenes and pranks o' youthfu' days.
Enraptured, I behold again
The primrose braes, the broomy glen,
The boyish sports on village green,
The burn I fished in wi' a preen,
The gleaming orchards which I fear,
Paid me forced tribute mony a year;
And round my mother's brightened hearth
I join ance mair the scenes o' mirth.
But truth demands a full confession,
Sae I maun add (it's nae digression)
That when my shop or auld lang syne
Fails to absorb a' thought o' mine,
I sometimes dreary minutes pass
By counting every pane o' glass,
And multiplying diverse nails
By a' the pulpit steps and rails,
Or wondering, like mony a sinner,
What kind o' stuff I'll get for dinner.
Thus, somewhat to my ain disgrace,
I dream, forgetfu' o' the place.
The truth I tell puts me to shame;
But am I just mysel' to blame?

Though bad enouch, I answer, no—
For often do I listen so
To sermons lang, and dry, and bare,
My very heart grows weary-sair.

Might ministers no' therefore try
To preach short sermons pithily?
For when they last for near an hour
They're apt to clog the mind wi' stour.
Then let them be but half the length,
Infused wi' thoughts o' double strength,
And folk would listen to the end
The salient points to comprehend.
To me sic sermons bliss would bring,
And keep my mind frae wandering.

M. P. LOWE.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

A TOUCHING story is told of a little girl sent by her parents from Spain, during a time of religious persecution there, to take refuge with some friends in England. The vessel was lost on a rock-bound coast during a severe storm, but the little girl was saved through the efforts of some heroic men. She was too young to tell her story, but by a series of providential events, was brought at last to the house of a friend of her parents just as, released from imprisonment, they arrived in England to seek their long-lost darling. A familiar tune that the mother had taught to her little girl became the clue that led to their joyful meeting.

A remarkable incident is that of a Scottish youth, who learned with a pious mother to sing the old psalms that were then as household words to them in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. But he never forgot the songs of Zion, although he sung them in a strange land and to heathen ears. One night he was solacing himself in this manner, when the attention of some sailors on board of an English man-of-war directed to the familiar tune of "Old Hundred," as it came floating over the moonlit waves. At once they surmised the truth, that one of their countrymen was languishing away his life as a captive. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat, and lost no time in effecting his release. What a joy to him after eighteen long years passed in slavery!

JESUS, THE MASTER.

As Jesus advanced, as the opposition to him grew more bitter, as the fire he was kindling became fiercer, a force, which was at the first, in his early and secluded years, necessarily in reserve, came forth into action with extraordinary power, the native force of his great personality. Then it was, as the excitement that he caused grew ever deeper and wider, that he was put to a severer and ever severer test. A young man, all alone, confronted with a ruthless, ecclesiastical authority, with all that was held to be respectable and religious in arms against him, face to face with brutal violence and a horrid death, then his personal strength came into play,—yes, it may be said, came into play; for he bore himself through it all with no apparent effort, but with an ease, with a grace, that betokens a measureless exuberance of power; with a new and original simplicity, the simplicity of Nature herself, at once moved to the very inmost of his being and yet in full possession of himself; with such tenderness and such dignity, in a word, with such transcendent greatness of mind, that it was utterly impossible that such a phenomenon should be let die, leaving no trace in the memory of mankind. Let die! It must have gone like the lightning of God into the hearts of many of those to whom it was given to behold the spectacle, and kindled them into a flame. Such an impression as it must have made could not be made, and those who received it not be prompted, irresistibly prompted, to give it expression, and communicate to others in an enduring form what had affected them so mightily. Why, the personal disciples of Jesus, poor fishermen as they were, were ready to affront the most imposing array of human power, the most ferocious opposition, to suffer the worst that could be done unto them, to die, to die in flames of fire and on crosses, rather than hold their peace and refrain from making the world ring with his name. It is incredible, therefore, that some, that many, among the multitude who saw and heard him, should not have been impelled to record in writing what was so powerfully moving. Had men for-

borne, the very stones would have leaped to shape themselves into legible characters in record of the wondrous story. . . . .

How characteristic it was of Jesus to be struck by correspondences between the seen and the unseen is evident on every page of his history. Equally evident is it how all unconscious the historians were that, in the particulars which they relate, they are laying open great deeps of feeling in Jesus,—the passionate, the *emotional* life of Jesus, that in him which is the key to so many secrets, to the origin and character and meaning of the gospels, and to the extraordinary power and permanence of the influence which has wrought so mightily on the human soul, and determined the history of our race for ages.

This habit of his of noting resemblances between what occurred in his presence and his thought,—how impressively, because incidentally, does it reveal the profound personal interest that he had in all that he said and did. When one's heart is full of any great idea, he finds everything hinting at it and echoing it. The soul thus possessed hears all nature bursting forth into speech and song in response and accord. Around such an one, the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, the mountains and the hills, break forth into singing, and all the trees of the forest clap their hands. Not from hearsay, not from any outward, preternatural dictation, but out of "the burning core" of that great heart of his came every word that Jesus uttered. But the authors of the gospels never dreamed that they were showing that so it was with him. And yet how naturally, without any constrained constructions, may we infer the untold from what is told!

What a revolution is there, to the same effect as the incident last mentioned, in those brief words that broke from his lips when he was at the table for the last time with his disciples! They have been the occasion of the most extravagant errors, of the most monstrous absurdities. Protestant theologians have been not a little embarrassed in the endeavour to explain them satisfactorily. The best that they have been able to say of them, in opposition to the doctrine of transubstantiation, is that they are a peculiarly bold figure of speech, an Orientalism. But in truth they are neither Oriental nor Occidental, but purely natural, a mode of expression profoundly human. Precisely so would any one have expressed himself, situated and moved as Jesus was at the moment. With that awful death close before him, such slight incidents as the breaking of a loaf of bread, and the pouring out of the blood-red wine, became portents, startling him with their ominous significance, accustomed as he was to see such correspondences; and so vivid were the images of torture and blood which the breaking of the bread and the streaming wine conjured up, that for the instant the bread and wine vanished from his sight. He saw not them. He saw only with the mind's eye. He beheld only his own tortured body and flowing blood, and he exclaimed, as he handed the bread and wine to his disciples, "Take and eat! It is my body!" "It is my blood!" Never again on earth, he said, would he touch a drop of the fruit of the vine. How could he, associated as it was with such an abhorrent image? I do not believe that he ate a morsel of the bread. . . .

It has been long and widely taken for granted that the extraordinary events that marked the career of Jesus were expressly designed to accredit his authority. As I read his history, this is a palpable assumption, a representation of the miracles so-called, entirely unwarranted by the record. Jesus never sought occasion to produce these remarkable effects. As I have said, they took him by surprise in the first instance, and he rather sought to avoid them. He represented it as an evidence of the low condition of the people that they required signs and miracles in order that they might believe in him. It is true, he referred to them as proofs of his truth; but they were valid as credentials of his authority for this very reason, that they were not designed as such any more than his proclaiming the Gospel to the poor, to which he referred in the same way, was so intended. He

preached to the poor for the poor's sake, and not to prove that he came from God.

Accepting these wonders as true, I see in them a most cheering, most triumphant, and most needed demonstration of Spirit, the hidden life of all that is. Were that really believed in, we should have but little difficulty in believing that he who appeared among men "in the power of the Spirit" could even awake the dead.

And can it be doubted that, if the extraordinary facts in the life of Jesus were received as *facts in nature*, as facts essential to a true philosophy of nature, it would radically affect our ideas of life and death, and neutralise the materialistic tendencies of physical science, were they a thousand times more pronounced than they are?

Once more, I can only briefly mention one other particular in which Jesus is pre-eminently distinguished above all the other leaders of mankind. He was far greater in his reserved than in his actual life. As men always sympathise mightily with suppressed emotion, this is a characteristic of him, that, indefinable as it is, is of great power, because it is indefinable. We receive from the accounts of him the impression that the man was far more than his word, wise as that was, far more than his work, great as that also was. This impression is made, not merely by the facility, but by the wondrous grace, with which he met all emergencies and rendered them his submissive servants. We feel that he was more than equal to any circumstances. He was always master, imperial master, of the situation, even when he was hanging in mortal agony on the Cross. And how informal was he withal, how little didactic! At every turn and touch, power gushed from his lips and his fingers.

The one simple conclusion is that he was a person apart and alone, above being ranked with the other great ones of the world. He stands out a far advanced fact in the natural history of the human race. In him as in no other we have a revelation, realisation, development, if you please, of the vitalising and transcendent energy of truth, when transmuted into personal power, incarnated and concrete, a new, unparalleled advance of the Spirit across and beyond the great physical mystery of our being, death. In him stands a wide-open gate into the illimitable, where science must reverently pause and confess her limitations. And it is not to the intellect first or chiefly that this wonderful life is addressed. Through the quick sympathy of one and the same nature, it calls into action the best and the greatest in every soul of flesh, bearing triumphant witness to the sovereignty of Spirit, of God in all and above all.

When facts, similar to those in the history of Jesus, at once original and natural, are shown us in the histories of other renowned persons, and as satisfactorily established, then shall we be prepared to rank them with him.—*William H. Furness, D.D.*

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

The darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense, black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms I hide—
No other arms are sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near—
They'll go from this warm shelter here
Out in the world's wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I'll sit alone and long to know
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or, will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need,
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best,
I'll shield them now and yield the rest
In His most righteous hand;
Sometimes souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If he should call us home before
The children go, on that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin;
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

CHARITY.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human."

THERE is scarcely a word in the language of which the meaning has been more abused than this. Charity has a very different signification from the degrading one it has acquired through its mistaken association with such cold, grudging giving, as might almost make one hate the very word. Neither is it synonymous even with benevolence or generosity, though, perhaps, bearing most resemblance to the latter virtue. Benevolence is a very good quality everyone will acknowledge, but it has not the same meaning as charity. This is often a less conspicuous virtue than benevolence, but it is not a less important one. It is rather a negative than a positive quality, more the refraining from thinking or saying unkind or harsh things (thoughts and words which will often lead to corresponding actions) than actually doing any particular things. A great deal of bloodshed and disaster would have been spared if men had only had a little more charity towards each other, especially in the form of religious toleration. It is, indeed, in religion, whose votaries make more profession of charity than other men, that the want of it is most to be observed, and is attended with the most disastrous consequences. A man who holds certain opinions, will not tolerate that others should differ from him, and few are willing to admit that their beliefs may be mistaken, or at all events that there is no sin in their fellow men entertaining different views.

Though this form of uncharitableness is now restrained in its operation by law and custom, there is still quite enough remaining to do a good deal of harm. This harm is, perhaps, as great to persons who entertain these harsh thoughts of their neighbours, as to those who fall under their reprobation. They often lose a great deal through declining to associate with all those whose ideas on religious subjects are not the same as their own, who may be as good as themselves, or perhaps better. It is not always those who make most professions of religion whose lives are the most blameless; though, of course, their faith may often be not without its influence. Any reasonable man who would seriously ask himself whether it is likely that his opinions, and those of the few men who agree with him, are all right, and the rest of the world all wrong, would hardly reach such a conclusion. We want more charity on these matters, for, though intolerance could scarcely now proceed to the same lengths that it formerly did, it can still do mischief that might well be averted. It is scarcely likely that any one sect of religionists holds all correct tenets, and that the rest are entirely erroneous; yet, this is what many appear to think of their own particular views. Those who are themselves denounced as heretics and outcasts by the orthodox opinions of the day, are, it has been observed, no more disposed to charity towards those who differ from themselves, than are their persecutors, though they might be expected to have some fellow feeling for heretics, even if these went further than the limits their neighbours were disposed to allow them. And though toleration on these points has made great advances within the last two or three centuries, it will bear pushing yet further into the daily life and private thoughts of many enthusiastic sectarians. Surely it is not too much to expect of their charity that they should extend some toleration to their neighbours, or that they should say, in the words of a writer, "I tolerate you, I permit you to exist." Intolerance, though it can no longer deprive a man of his life or of his property in any direct manner, may, nevertheless, injure his business and hurt his prospects; and as it is always unjust and uncharitable, the sooner its last traces are done away with the better.

Charity as displayed in other ways, such as refraining from harsh judgment of an absent or defenceless person, particularly one who is in some way an enemy, is nearly identical with that chivalrous sentiment of generosity, which will take no advantage, and in

the case of an opponent, is still more particular in bringing the utmost fairness and magnanimity to its consideration. An apparently uncharitable disposition may sometimes be rather the result of circumstances than a natural defect. Thus a man who has had the opportunity of seeing little but ill in his life, will most naturally look on the dark side of the cases that come under his notice; and one who has met with much disappointment in his expectations of others, will be far more likely to distrust his fellows than to hope the best from them. The views a man takes of things depend very much on where he has been placed. One has been in happy circumstances, found his friends trusty, his relations kinsman-like, and his condition prosperous; has come little in contact with want or vice, and sees the world all *coleur de rose*. Another has seen little but misery, and has met with few on whom he could depend; crime and poverty are familiar sights to him; and he thinks the world miserable because he has observed scarcely anything of its brighter side. The police inspector in "Our Mutual Friend" is made to say that it is always more likely a man has done a bad thing than that he has not. This cynical observation is not to be considered as proceeding from a natural want of charity, it was in the way of his business.

In respect to what is generally called evil-speaking, it is obvious that Mr. Jones is often, quite as likely as not, to be mistaken in the construction he has put on the actions of Mr. Robinson, and that he is frequently not sufficiently acquainted with the private affairs of Mr. R. to justify him in expressing opinions thereon. While this is the case, Mr. Jones has no business to talk on a subject of which he knows so little, especially in such a manner as to make his conversation disadvantageous to his neighbour. Still we must talk about our neighbours sometimes. We think of them a great deal, and naturally take a good deal of interest in them, and it is inevitable we should occasionally talk about them. Therefore we must take care to do so in a charitable manner, and say nothing which might be detrimental to their interests without good reason. The easiest way to do this, is to attain such a state of mind that it is very disagreeable to think of a man's doing anything he should not. Good old Mr. Jarndyce, with the wind so often shifting round to the east and troubling his rheumatism, had attained this point to perfection; though a little more of worldly wisdom mingled with his kindliness, might not have been amiss. It is considered uncharitable to hastily put faith in a disadvantageous report of another, without sufficient proofs, or at all events, strong grounds for the presumption. Charity is said to "bear all things," but this should not be interpreted as meaning serious injuries, for if this were pushed too far, those who practised it would soon be elbowed out of the world, for to a certain extent the law of the strongest still prevails, and will probably continue to do so. But there is a great difference in the style of a contest, between the gentlemanly moderation displayed by a man with the chivalrous element in him, and the spite and malevolence which smaller natures will show to their enemies. To some men a conquered enemy becomes a friend. Really, however, with the exercise of proper forbearance in trifles, a man can often go through life without making any real personal enemies. So much for figurative warfare, we will now come to the actual, which many people consider in direct opposition to the laws of charity, and of morality in general. Certainly when resorted to unnecessarily, all this may be granted. But in some cases war is not only not blameable, but is necessary and right; that is, on the part of one of the combatants. As the sturdy old Puritan captain says:

"War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder."

War is, in fact, sometimes a necessary evil, resorted to to avert a still greater, and will die out gradually as the need for it disappears. E. B. K.

Do right before children; that is the best way of teaching them to be good.

THE INDIAN JUGGLER.

From our childhood we have heard that no jugglers ever excel the Indian. In the *University Magazine* of last month Mr. E. S. Robertson, late of the Bengal Service, gives the following interesting account of a performance he witnessed:—

Early in January, 1877, I was stationed at Moradabad, in Rohilkund. My wife was in England invalided; so instead of living alone I had adopted a common and convenient Indian fashion, and was "chumming" with a friend. My chum was Mr. Carmichael-Smyth, acting Superintendent of Police for the district. One day Mr. Smyth told me that he expected to receive a visit from a native, an amateur conjuror, who would perform some amusing tricks. It so happened that on the same day we were waited on by a Parsee pedlar, who wanted to sell us ivory and sandal-wood cavings, and such-like knick-knacks which are the usual stock-in-trade of the Parsee travelling merchants. While we were chaffering with this man the conjuror was announced, and was shown into the common sitting-room. He was followed by a crowd of our servants—for the native of every rank loves a conjuror, and gazes on a conjuring performance with the simple admiration of a child.

There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance or dress of our conjuror. An elderly man, short and sparely made, dressed in dingy white cotton, with very tight sleeves to his robe and very tight legs to his drawers; he might have been a respectable servant out of place, but actually was a small landowner who had taken to conjuring for his amusement.

When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room, I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror. As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The pedlar at first demurred a little, but on being guaranteed against loss, he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjuror's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and at the request of the conjuror looked at it, and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjuror then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:—Conjuror: "Are you sure that is a rupee?" Mr. Smyth: "Yes." Conjuror: "Close your hand on it and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought (then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and *America*—for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe). After a moment's pause Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country. "Then open your hand," said the juggler, "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of." It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjuror, but the latter said, "No, pass it to the other sahib." Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian but a Turkish silver piece, about the size of the five franc, or of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjuror's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin, and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been seen. I need only add, for the information of those readers who know

not India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin, and therefore about half the weight of a five-franc piece.

The juggler performed several other tricks that day, but they were of a common-place kind, and in no way comparable to the coin trick, which I have never seen rivalled by any other conjuror in India or Europe.

The following evening Mr. Smyth and I were to dine at the mess of the 28th Native Infantry. We told some of our friends in the regiment of the tricks our juggler had shown us; they asked us to invite the man to perform after dinner in the mess drawing-room. He came accordingly, and began by showing some very common-place tricks. I wanted him to do the coin trick, but he made some excuse. I should mention that one of the officers was himself an amateur conjuror, and Mr. Smyth introduced him and our juggler to each other as comrades in art magic. Possibly our juggler may have been afraid that the captain would detect his method; or perhaps he only felt nervous about repeating a trick which must have depended very much on mere guesswork. Be that as it may, he would not perform the coin trick at the mess, but he did another almost equally wonderful.

As before, he was seated on a white cloth, which this time I think was a table-cloth, borrowed from the mess sergeant. He asked some one present to produce a rupee, and to lay it down at the remote edge of the cloth. The cloth being three or four yards in length, the conjuror could not have touched the coin without being seen, and, in fact, did not touch it. He then asked for a signet ring. Several were offered him, and he chose one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing it into the air and catching it, then shaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half-articulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then setting the ring down on the cloth at about half-arm's length in front of him, he said, slowly and distinctly, in good Hindostanee, "Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and resting on the hoop, slowly, with a kind of jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came to where the rupee lay on the remote edge; then it lay down on the coin. The conjuror then said, "Ring, lay hold of the rupee, and bring it to me." The projecting edge of the seal seemed to grapple with the edge of the coin; the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and, with the same kind of dancing or jerking motion, the two returned to within reach of the juggler's hand.

I have no theory of any kind to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power, and alleged that he performed his tricks by mere sleight of hand. It will be observed that he had no preparation of his surroundings, no machinery, and no confederate.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

"Mother, do butterflies remember when they were worms and caterpillars?" inquired Natty.

"What puzzling questions you children do ask," said his mother. "The idea never entered my head. You must ask your Uncle Joe."

"Uncle Joe," asked Natty again, "do butterflies remember when they were worms and caterpillars?"

"Why, no," said Uncle Joe. "I should say not, if all stories are true."

"What stories?"

"I happened to be reading one the other day, which—but stay, just hand me that book, please, the thin, square, prettily bound one. That's it. Now we'll look for the story. I forget the name. Ah, here we have it. It's not a long story. Reading it will hardly take ten minutes. Listen."

"A poor little worm was one day crawling slowly along the ground, seeking for food, while above her happy insects darted through the air, their bright wings flashing in the sunlight.

"Alas!" sighed the little worm, "what a toilsome life is ours! We move only by great labour, and even with that can never travel far. Kept near the damp ground, liable at any

moment to be crushed, toiling up and down rough stalks, eating tough leaves —for it is only now and then we find a flower. Oh, it is truly a wearisome life.

"Yet none seem to pity our sorrows. Those proud insects flitting over head, the miller, the butterfly, the dragon-fly, the golden bumble-bee, they never notice us! Oh! but life goes well with them! Flying is so easy! Even easier than rest. Wherever they wish to be, they have only to spread their wings, and the summer wind bears them on. Dressed out so gaily, at home with all the flowers, living on sweets, seeing fine sights, hearing all that is to be heard—what care they for us poor plodders?

"Selfish creatures! They think only of themselves. Now, for my part, if I had wings, and could move about so easily, I would think, sometimes, of the poor worms down below, who could not fly. I would bring them, now and then, a sip of honey, or a taste of something nice from the flower gardens far away. I would come down and speak a kind word, tell them something good to hear—in short, be friendly. Oh, if one only had wings, how much good one might do. But these selfish creatures never think of that!"

Not long afterwards this complaining worm was changed into a butterfly. Spreading her light wings, she passed the happy hours in flitting from field to field, rocking in the flower-cups, idling about where the sunshine was brightest, sipping where the honey was sweetest. Oh, a right gay butterfly was she, and no summer day ever seemed too long!

One morning, while resting upon an opening rose-bud, she saw below her a couple of worms, making their slow way over the ground.

"Poor creatures," she said. "Life goes hard with them. Dull things, how little they know. It must be stupid enough down there. No doubt their lives could be brightened up a trifle. Some few pleasures or comforts might be given them, and I hope this will be done. If I were not so busy—but really I haven't a moment to spare. To-day there is a rose party, and all the butterflies are going there. To-morrow the grasshoppers give a grand hop, and at sundown there will be a serenade by the crickets. Every hour is occupied. The bumble-bees and hornets are getting up a concert. Then there is a new flower blossoming in a garden far away, and all are flying to see it. The two rich butterflies, Lady Golden Spot and Madam Royal Purple, have arrived in great state, and expect great attentions.

"The bees have had a lucky summer, and, in honour of these new arrivals, are to give a grand honey festival, at which the Queen herself will preside. The wasps are now the police, and will, I trust, keep out the vulgar. The gnats and mosquitoes have formed a military company, called the flying militia, and will serve if needed. It is to be hoped that no low creatures like the two creeping along below will intrude themselves. Poor things! If I had the time, I really would try to do something for them, but every sunny day is taken up, and stirring out in the wet is not to be thought of.

"Besides, one meets with so much that is not pleasant in mixing with low people! Their homes are not always cleanly. I might soil my wings. And, if once taken notice of, they will always expect it. Why make them dissatisfied? They are well enough off as they are. Perhaps, after all, it is my duty not to meddle with them. In fact, I have no doubt of it.

"Here comes Miss Gossamer! Welcome, Miss Gossamer! All ready for the rose party? How sweetly you look! Wait one moment till I have washed my face in this dew-drop. The sun has nearly dried it up while I have been pitying those mean worms below there. Folly, I know, to thus waste the time. But my feelings are so tender! I actually thought of calling! What would Lady Golden Spot think, or Madam Royal Purple? Have you seen them pass? They are sure to be there. Do you suppose they will take notice of us? If they don't I shall be perfectly wretched."

ABOVE all, we are instructed by the life and morals of the teacher who is selected for us by our parents.

JESUS IN THE DESERT.

A SOLILOQUY.

THIS poem attempts to represent the thoughts which may have been passing in the mind of Jesus before and during his sojourn in the wilderness. He retires there in order to muse on and plan the direction of human progress. And, in contemplating moral evil, it seems to him personified, and appears to struggle with him as the representative of mankind.

JESUS IN THE DESERT.

How beautiful is earth—how soft its gales!
How cool the murmuring brook—the gurgling spring!
The gentle flower which regal splendour pales—
The wild birds wantoning on unwearied wing—
The lambkins skipping in their innocent play—
The flocks responsive to the loving shepherd's sway!
The innocent maiden at the time of Love—
Her eyes—of trust and loyalty the home,
And unsuspecting playfulness might move
The heart to think the reign of peace had come;
And early childhood's earnest wond'ring gaze
Fills up the cup of joy, and pours it out in praise!

How gladly could I rest upon this earth!
The love of woman, childhood's reverent glee,
The Father's smile—which gave Creation birth,
And still renews it—were a heav'n to me—
So that my fellow-men might feel the same;
Rest without sloth, and pleasure without shame.

But I have seen the leper in his shroud,
Mock'd at by fools, conceal his shame-struck face;
And I have seen the rich man, fat and proud,
Add field to field until he leaves no place,
And bid the hind who tills *his* land to be
Thankful for bread, nor claim to share his luxury.

And I have seen the priest—oppression's tower—
With subtle doctrines drawn from barbarous days
Making God hideous; and to selfish power
Offering the tribute of a slavish praise,
The worship of authority—begot
By fear on pain—wherein benevolence is not.

Benovolence! Thou cornerstone of truth,
Thou ONLY good! Oh! when shall man be free
From selfishness, which like the serpent's tooth
Infects his blood, to dwell in heav'n and thee?
Oh! when and how? My leaping heart be still!
Through my blood wells an overmastering "I WILL."

Was it not THIS that ancient seers foretold—
That, at this time and place, of David's line
A son of MAN with mightiest force should mould
Earth's destinies? And is this honour mine?
The time!—The place!—The will!—The faith!—To move
Mountains and introduce the reign of endless love.

The love of woman is a tender deep;
The love of God is deeper if we feel
A God of pure benevolence, nor steep
Our moral sense in dogmas which but steal
It from us like narcotics. Deeper still
The power my heart lends, bleeding, to my will.

But when? But how? My soul be calm, reflect.
Thou canst not here, where work and social jar
Distract thee. To the desert I'll direct
My footsteps. There, where God and nature are,
I'll chasten thee by fasting, and I'll brood
On the eternal march of progress and of good.

Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness. . . . And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights . . .

Father! Thy will be done. These awful rocks
Appal me? Father, have I lain here long?
Father! How shall my spirit bear the shocks
That bruise me as I think of each dire wrong
My brethren bear—the starv'd and tortured slave;
The outcast spouse; the prisoner's loathsome living grave.

How the wolf howls! He tears the tender lamb,
Driv'n by o'ermast'ring appetite. Oh Father!
Impell'd not by Thy will—Thou great I AM—
Urged by some power which warreth with Thee rather;
A power that, surging in the passionate breast,
Maddens to fraud, revenge, rape, murder, and the rest.

It is a POWER! The soft creature yields
To its hot breath; but it is not of Thee!
It is a POWER! A PERSON! And it wields
A sceptre. Horror! It contends with me!
O God! What is this shadow? Is it night?
Unearthly horror clouds my trembling sense and sight.

* * * * * *

And may I not relieve man's woes; but THOU
Must wrestle first with me? All's dark! O God!
And yet the sun beats hotly on my brow.
My head swims! What is this? The Father's rod?
I know not what. It is the force which sways
The springs of hate and pain—he meets me face to face.

Offspring and representative of man,
I stand alone amid the vast of time
To hurl back evil at its source. I can
Gaze upward on th'All-perfect and Sublime,
And feel man is HIS son. Yet would th' All-good
Suffer his *son* to faint from lack of needful food?

Man cannot turn these arid stones to bread;
And yet the father spreads no sweet supply.
I cannot reason.—In His word 'tis said,
"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by
Each word proceeding from the mouth of God;"
Yet through the argument my reason cannot plod.

My reason fails—My brain swims—What is this?
Wild through the vasty air I seem to skim.
Eternal Horror! from thy grasp dismiss
My spirit, or I plunge from thee where dim
Jerusalem spreads far below. I'll flee
Into my Father's arms, for he has said to me—

"My angels I will charge that they shall bear
Thee lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."
But no, Eternal Dread! I yet must dare
To tremble in thy awful grasp alone;
For man's fall'n race is consummate in me,
And selfish passions rage to vanquish him in thee.

Ah yes; I know that if I worship Thee,
And make self-love the motive of my life,
That my firm will and dauntless energy
Can raise me through the battle's guilty strife,
And set me on the pinnacle of fame,
While prostrate nations tremble at my name.

Not such is *my* ambition. I can feel
For others' woes more deeply than my own.
Avaunt then! Thou art gone. Sweet slumbers steal
My senses, and once more I am alone.
Yet not alone; the Father's with me now,
And angels bright and kind are bending o'er my brow.

Sweet angels robed in light! The fiery sun
Has sunk behind the crags. The ev'ning gale,
Stirr'd by your breath, fans my hot face, and one
Sings with the murmuring brook a blissful tale.
Ye strengthen me, sweet spirits. I'll rise and lave
My brows, and rest till morn in this cool peaceful cave.

H. W. B.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK."

ONCE when there was a famine throughout the land, a rich man sent for the twenty poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them, "In the basket there is a little loaf for each of you. Take it, and come back to me me every day at the same hour till the good God sends us better times."

Eagerly did the hungry children fall upon the basket, and quarrelled and struggled for the bread, because each wished to have the best and largest; at last they went away without having even thanked the good gentleman. But Gretchen, a poorly but neatly-dressed little maiden, remained standing modestly in the distance; then she took

the smallest loaf, which alone was left in the basket, gratefully she kissed the rich gentleman's hand, and went quickly home.

Next day the children were just as ill-behaved, and the poor timid Gretchen received this time a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the other. But when she came home, and her sick mother cut the loaf open, many new silver pieces of money fell rattling and shining out of it.

The mother was not a little alarmed, and said, "Take the money at once back to the good gentleman, for it certainly got into the dough by accident. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

But when the little girl came to the rich man, and gave him her mother's message, he said kindly, "No, no, my child, it was no mistake; I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Remain always as contented, peaceable, self-denying, and grateful. She who would rather take the smallest loaf than quarrel for the larger ones will obtain far richer blessings than even if money were baked into the loaf. Go home now, and greet your good mother very kindly from me."

HEROISM, A STORY FOR BOYS.

A HUNDRED men were digging in a coalmine—working in the dark to give other men light. The mine lay in a part of Belgium where it was subject in spring-time to sudden inundations, when a river near by was blocked with ice. The master-workman had just reached the bottom of the shaft, one day, and had encountered a blind miner, who was anxious for news about his sick son, when he detected by the gurgling sound that the mine was about to be overflowed. He at once gave the blind man his own chance of escape in the bucket, charging him to make everybody dig for dear life into the farther end of an upper gallery, where he would gather the miners from below. Cheerfully giving up his ride into the free air, Hubert flew after the scattered work-people, called them into this secure gallery, and made them dig a chamber still higher up, where the water was not likely to reach. Then he portioned out their small amount of food to keep them alive till help should come, while with talk and prayer he did all man could do to keep their spirits up. The old man did his part well. The villagers worked with a will. The women cheered them night and day. But the sixth morning dawned before Hubert could detect the sound of pick-axe above his hiding-place. Then he knew that he was saved; and not many hours passed before he and all his party but two escaped from their gloomy dungeon. Napoleon the Great sent for Hubert Goffin, that he might see so brave a man, and conferred upon him the Legion of Honour, as well as a pension for life; and so his name has come down as one of the many who do good deeds and blush to find them fame.

TEACH PEACE TO THE CHILDREN.

IF I am asked, What is your most prominent measure for promoting peace? my answer is this:—*Teach peace to the children.* If we bring up our children in the principles of peace, we fill the world with peace. In this work we must begin early. The fond mother may think she has managed her little George admirably when she has induced him to eat his bread and milk by saying, "There, eat it quick, or your brother William will get it all." She does not consider that, though George is only two or three years old, she has taught him selfishness, jealousy, and avarice, the antagonists of peace.

Those quarrels about the top, the hoop, the ball, the broken saucers, the melons, the apple, the most delicious pear, the cushioned chair, all prepare the way for the terrible ravages of war. Let parents and other guides for children and youth take care to prevent such disputes from arising, or, when they arise, amicably settle them; and the way will be thoroughly preparing for a Congress of Nations to help establish the peace of the world. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the home influence on the future condition of the whole world.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

GRACE AND UNGRACE.—"It's very naughty of you, Fanny to say you won't have your dinner, and really wicked to say it's nasty, after having said your grace so prettily!" "Yes, but, mamma, I wouldn't have said grace if I'd known it was Irish stew!"

THE PRAYER OF INSINCERTY.—Some people are like the old deacon who used to cheat his neighbours in trade, and then kneel down by a stone wall and pray that if he had done anything wrong a stone might fall on him. He satisfied his conscience by the flimsy assertion that he must be all right, because not a stone had ever moved from its place. One day, however, after the usual prayer, a loose top stone did fall. He jumped to his feet in great terror, and cried out: "Good gracious, Lord! didn't you know I was joking?"

SUMMARISING.—We are all delighted with a good summary, and, obliged to those who make it. The following anecdote in Greville's Memoirs, hits the point:—"A bishop rose to speak in the House of Lords and announced that he should divide what he had to say in twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him and begged indulgence for a few minutes as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chime twelve. He counted the strokes, and then looked up at the clock, and said, 'Why couldn't you give us all that at once?' The story put an end to the bishop's speech."

BIG WORDS.—Ignorant people in general love to be praised, and fear to be condemned in big words. Dr. Johnson told a friend he could put some persons into a perfect phrensy by repeating words they did not understand. Daniel O'Connell's verbal combat with a Dublin fishfag is a case in point. The lady tried to "slang down" the illustrious Dublin orator, and poured out on him all the vituperative epithets within the capacity of expression in Dublin. "Jackeen." The Liberator folded his arms, looked her full in the face, and retorted calmly, "You are a ratiocinative and attenuated parallelopipedon; we know all about your equinoxes and your rhomboids; and I have every reason to believe that you keep a hypothenuse in your back garrett." Reeling under this fearful onslaught of "big words," the fishfag could only mutter a low moan of "Whirra, whirra," cover her face with her apron, and flee, abashed and discomfited, from the conflict.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—A little boy who had done wrong was sent, after correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. But his mother listened while in lisping accents he prayed to be made better, and then added, "Lord, make ma's temper better too."

THE UNITED STATES.—The population of England in 1801 was 10,000,000. Of the United States 4,500,000. To-day the population of England is held at 27,000,000, and that of the United States 45,000,000.

VALUE OF A GRIEVANCE.—The Irishman who wished bad luck to Mr. Gladstone for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, because it took away one of the grievances of the nation, and left one less cause for grumbling, was not the last of his race. A Saxon tourist, meeting an Irish peasant, said: "I suppose the English buy all the pigs that you wish to sell?" Irish peasant: "They do; bad luck to 'em, the toirants!"

SCOTCH SABBATH KEEPING. — Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Greenock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sabbath morning. Regarding it, however, as a profanation of the Sabbath to employ a boat with oars for that purpose, they went to negotiate with the captain of a Rothesay Sunday steamer "to cast oot a bit o' his tow an' tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun that way at ony rate." "But what's the difference," asked the captain, "between being rowed over with oars, and by the paddles of a steamer?" "Difference!" exclaimed the spokesman of the weavers, in a tone of contempt at the captain's ignorance.' "There's a hantle difference between rowing by the pooer o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, an' a water-wheel pu'ing us; in ither words, gin ye wid hae us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam engine's no a mortal being, an' is therefore no an accountable awgent."

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